

The Critic

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Books of the Rich and Books of the Poor.*

THE 'Chansons de la Borde,' which M. Paillet so audaciously got bound, was, in human memory, of no value. M. Paul Lacroix says that, in his time, Dorat's books mouldered on the *quais* in neglect. He himself bought the 'Chansons,' in old red morocco, for 2l. 10s., and gave them to a *belle ignorante*, who handed them over to her child to scrawl upon. The old editions of Brunet place the book at about forty francs. Now the booksellers ask about 160l. Of all poets, Dorat has been, posthumously, the luckiest. Born (says M. le Baron Roger Portalis) in 1734, he entered the Mousquetaires, where he was a literary musketeer, a kind of Aramis. He left the army, to please a pious aunt, and took to poetry which was not pious. He ruined himself gaily, and his prodigal taste for beautiful engravings in his books hastened his doom. Debts and disease killed him in 1780. He made a toilette two hours before his death, and expired, neatly shaven and freshly powdered, in his chair. Dorat's works were once in every Poor Man's reach. But, as Rich Men had not set the fashion, the Poor did not follow it. In 1821 the 'Fables Nouvelles,' on Large Paper, with early proofs of the designs, sold for a louis. 'Les Baisers' (Paris, 1770), with the original designs, brought nineteen francs! But now it is, says M. Beraldi, 'the thirteenth labour of Hercules' to collect the complete engravings, in good condition, and with the *eaux-fortes*. This passion leads men to excesses, like the old Dutch fancy for tulips.

Foolish or not, the fashion, and his foresight of it, has gained Dorat a shadow of immortality. The epigram on him, untranslatable as it turns on a pun, is justified.

Lorsque j'admire ces estampes,
Ces vignettes, ces culs de lampe,
Je crois voir en toi, pauvre auteur,
Pardonne à mon humeur trop franche,
Un malheureux navigateur
Qui se sauve de planche en planche.

A good illustration of the Rich Man's luck is M. Paillet's adventure with Fragonard's original designs for La Fontaine's 'Contes' (Didot, Paris, 1795). M. Paillet acquired, for nothing, a beautifully written copy of La Fontaine's 'Contes'; nay, he actually made 200l. by acquiring it. *Habenti dabitur*. These two beautiful quartos, bound in red morocco by Derome and copied out by Monchaussé in red, green, and black ink, contain fifty-seven original designs by Fragonard. The work was written out for Bergeret, one of the Fermiers Généraux, who possessed the fifty-seven drawings. When M. Paillet procured these volumes, they were valued at 1,000l. This does not seem dear; but M. Paillet thought it was a good deal to give for a book—to give, that is, in solid cash. Besides, anyone could write a cheque for 1,000l. The amateur sought another way, by the ancient system of exchange or barter. He sacrificed to M. Morgand, the bookseller, a 'Faublas,' with the

original designs by Marillier and the suave binding (blue, doubled with orange) by Trautz. The 'Contes' of Perreult (1781) were also offered up, and M. Paillet was more readily consoled than Calypso for the departure of his 'Télémaque' (first edition). The Heptameron of 1559, and the original comedies of Regnard, and the rarest romance of Restif (*vile damnum*) all went the same way, and 120l. in actual money was thrown in. *Tanta molis erat*—at such a sacrifice the amateur won his manuscript 'Contes.' They are not at all the kind of manuscript that St. Jerome would have sent to the chaste Furia, daughter of a Senator of Rome. But this is only half the story. M. Paillet acquired his original drawings by Moreau and his MSS. for five or six rare books and a cheque. But how did he make 200l. by the bargain? Why, M. Rouquette published new engravings of the designs, and the profit was about 3,600l., of which M. Paillet got 1,200l. Indeed we may say, *Habenti dabitur*. When had a poor collector such luck?

Such are the successes of Wealth. These brilliant books, all so fresh, so fair in morocco raiment, are the results of taste and labour as well as of money. M. Beraldi describes M. Paillet seated in his library, with the sheets of five unbound copies of one volume before him, comparing, selecting, examining with a microscope, page by page. The result is one perfect copy, to be perfectly bound, by Cuzin perhaps, and to be *le plus bel exemplaire connu*.

These are not, after all, the enjoyments the poor collector envies most. He really wants to read his books, not that he could not have modern reprints, but he likes to see the famous masterpieces of old as Shakspeare saw them, when his quartos were cried at the doors of the Globe, as 'book o' the Play.' Well, the poor collector can never have that pleasure, unless he visits Mr. Locker's library and wonderful array of Shakspeare quartos. But, here and there, a cropped, maimed relic reaches us. 'Lucasta,' without the illustrations; Herrick, minus his portrait; 'Steps to the Temple,' with a page missing.* How many of these twopenny treasures one possesses, relics a trifle apocryphal.†

The poor collector is apt to burden himself with these dilapidated relics out of pure sentiment. He can rarely expect to buy an unharmed example of a rare first edition, but he lives in hope of completing his own. Vain hope, pleasing aspirations! The two halves of the imperfect work, like the two lovers that once were one body and soul, in the apologue of Aristophanes, wander round the world, and never meet again. And I think of these poor sundered volumes pained with a *nostalgie*, like that of the two obelisks in Théophile Gautier's poem; or afflicted with 'an intense yearning for something which the Soul desires and cannot tell, and of which she has only a dark and doubtful presentiment.'‡ The tomes are sundered for ever. One moiety may be in Paris, one on a stall in Cairo, like the monoliths estranged, and no more to be united than these *obélisques dépareillés*.

It is easy to give the poor collector good advice, to bid him never waste his substance on imperfections, never spend his coppers on *bouquins*, but wait, and 'lie low' (like the would-be purchaser of Mark Twain's 'celebrated Mexican plug'), till he has a chance of getting a real prize. This

* The 'Steps to the Temple' (London, 1646) I found in a box outside a shop in Holywell Street. It had belonged, apparently, to Collet, Crashaw's friend, and certainly to Collet's son, who had adorned the fly-leaf with an inscription in a beautiful hand, but in very bad Latin. As for 'Lucasta,' by Richard Lovelace, the second edition, perfect, is almost not to be found. The date is 1650. In Mr. Locker's catalogue the Rowfant copy is said to have an 'old facsimile of Frontispiece by Hollar, after Francis Lovelace.' But Mr. Locker has now supplied the genuine Hollar print, which he purchased, for a ransom, at the Addington sale, in 1886. Hollar collectors and other wild men have cut the portraits and prints out of most of the books of the Cavalier poets. † I believe no man, Rich or Poor, has a library so rich in imperfect works as the author of these pages. Two of my mutilated friends give me such concern, that I make bold to lay the case before the benevolent public. I possess (in green morocco by W. Pratt) an uncut copy of *The Angler's Delight*, by William Gilbert, Gent. London, 1676. But this copy has the title-page of the second portion of the same book, namely, 'The Method of Fishing in Hackney River, with the names of all the best Stands there.' The only Stands there, now, are cab-stands; but no matter. If any bibliophile has the other part of the book, I will toss him for the whole; and the same offer is made to the owner of volumes iv.-vii. of *Les Œuvres de Monsieur de Molière*. Paris, 1696. These volumes, of which I have i. ii. iii. must be somewhere: the name *Ormestoun* is written in an old hand on the title-pages. ‡ Aristophanes in 'The Symposium,' p. 192.

* Continued from April 2, and concluded.

was the method of Balzac's mythical collector, Le Cousin Pons, but the wonderful story of his treasures is as great a myth as Poe's 'Gold Bug.' It is one of Balzac's golden dreams. Moreover, the Poor collector has rarely the patience and self-denial for the task. He revels in brown shabby *bouquins*, for a reason the Rich Man would not suspect, namely for love of their contents. They are full of odd scraps of information, waifs of lore, sometimes, from the dead Court life of Molière's time. I have mislaid—for they lightly come and lightly go—a volume of courtly dialogues of 1670—in which an Abbé and a philosopher discourse on ghosts with a lady of Quality. This woman has had 'an insolent person' beaten to death by her valets. She believes that she is always seeing his ghost, a belief out of which the Abbé and the philosopher try to reason her, with arguments drawn from Science and Religion. No other punishment save what the Ghost inflicted, has dared to approach the *grande dame de par le monde*. What a world it was, when this kind of conversation was not only possible, but probably was based on current gossip. It was the little black *bouquin* that gave one this peep into the age of Molière, the age of Alceste, who might well despise his kind, and of pretty Célimène, who never, surely, would have acted like the cruel lady of quality.

The Poor Man, if only he wants to *read*, may actually enjoy the books which the wicked Rich keep idle in gilded saloons. For example, here is a volume for the student of Primitive Marriage: it is *De veteri ritu NUPTIARUM & iure CONNUBIORUM*. Barnabas Brissonius,

Antonius } Hotmanus.
Franciscus }
Apud Franciscum Hackium
LVG. BATAVOR
CICIDCXLI.

You buy it for fourpence—nay, for twopence—with its frontispiece of Adam flirting with Eve in Paradise. But, let it be in a morocco jacket, and the Bookseller shall charge you fifteen pounds, and attribute its binding to Padeloup. Surely better is sheepskin, for twopence, and content therewith, than, for 15l., Padeloup,—without his ticket!

So we might illustrate the joys of the trumpery collector. But Charles Lamb has made these things immortal in his prose, and Thackeray in his verse:—

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks, and *silly old books*,
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends,
Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken back'd,
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see.
What matter? 'Tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.*

'All cracked' indeed, the cynic may cry, we and our treasures. But men may have their toys, like children; and the Rich Man boasts his wax doll with movable eyes, and the Poor Man has his fetish of rags tied up with a string, and is as happy as his opulent neighbour.

ANDREW LANG.

Reviews

Victor Hugo on Shakspeare.†

VICTOR HUGO's book on Shakspeare, of which Prof. Anderson has given us a very good translation, was written in 1864 to introduce a French version of the plays made by the author's son. The scope of the work is far more extended than the title would suggest. 'In contemplating Shakspeare,' the Preface tells us, 'all the questions relating to art have arisen in the author's mind; and in discussing these questions, he ranges through all history and all litera-

ture. The great poets from Homer and Job down to our own day pass in review before us. Æschylus, 'the ancient Shakspeare,' gets a whole 'book' of more than forty pages. Isaiah, Lucretius, Dante, and others, are characterized in a page or two each, but as brilliantly as briefly.

The sketch of Shakspeare's life is an amazing tissue of misrepresentations, a few of which are corrected in the translator's notes, the rest—and among them the worst—being left to be set right by reference to Halliwell-Phillips and other English authorities, which unfortunately are not accessible to the majority of readers. We cannot agree with Prof. Anderson that this inaccuracy is 'pardonable.' So far as it is due to the fact that the book was written in Jersey, at a distance from libraries, some allowance may be made for it; but facts are not merely forgotten—they are wilfully and shamelessly perverted. Our limits forbid any extended illustration of this, but take the account of Shakspeare's married life as a specimen. After telling the silly old story of the poet's getting drunk at Bidford and spending the night under an apple-tree, in a 'midsummer-night's dream,' Victor Hugo goes on to say:—'In this night, and in this dream, where there were lads and lasses, he discovered that Anne Hathaway was a pretty girl. The wedding followed. He espoused this Anne Hathaway, older than himself by eight years, had a daughter by her, then twins, a boy and girl, and left her; and this wife disappears from Shakspeare's life, to reappear only in his will, where he leaves her his *second-best bed*.' It is perhaps superfluous to state that none of the early versions of the Bidford tradition connect any 'lasses' with it, and that no old village gossip has come down to us concerning Shakspeare's first meeting with Anne Hathaway. That the poet deserted his wife, or 'put her aside,' as it is expressed further on in the book, is not true; and the bequest of the 'second-best bed,' when she was amply provided for by virtue of her rights of dower, was probably a mark of conjugal affection, and not the deliberate insult to the mother of his children it would otherwise have been—the more incredible as being added to the will when he was on his death-bed. This is absolutely all that Victor Hugo has to say of Shakspeare's married life, and grosser perversion of the facts in the case is scarcely conceivable.

The description of the manners and customs of the time is, however, as wide of the truth. The broad 'burlesque' of the clowns' interlude in the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' for instance, is taken as a veracious representation of the stage 'business' of the day. 'The scenery was simple. Two swords laid crosswise—sometimes two laths—signified a battle. . . . An actor besmeared with plaster and motionless, signified a wall; if he spread his fingers, it meant that the wall had crevices. A man laden with a faggot, followed by a dog, and carrying a lantern, meant the moon; his lantern represented the moonshine.' Then we have a deal of such stuff as the following, from the contrast between poetry and science:—'Such is the long groping course of Science. Cuvier was mistaken yesterday, Lagrange the day before yesterday; Leibnitz before Lagrange, Gassendi before Leibnitz, Cordan before Gassendi, Cornelius Agrippa before Cordan, Averroës before Agrippa, Plotinus before Averroës, Artemidorus Doldian before Plotinus, Posidonius before Artemidorus, Democritus before Posidonius, Empedocles before Democritus, Carneades before Empedocles, Plato before Carneades, Pherecydes before Plato, Pittacus before Pherecydes, Thales before Pittacus; and before Thales, Zoroaster, and before Zoroaster, Sanchoniathon, and before Sanchoniathon, Hermes; Hermes, which signifies science, as Orpheus signifies art.' On the very next page there is another paragraph as long, beginning: 'We no longer teach the astronomy of Ptolemy, the geography of Strabo, the climatology of Cleostratus, the zoölogy of Pliny'—and so on, through twenty-five sciences that we skip, to—'the physics of Descartes, the theology of Stillingfleet. We taught yesterday, we teach to-day, we shall teach to-

* 'Ballads,' by W. M. Thackeray. London: Bradbury and Evans, Bouverie Street. 1856. In the Original Wrapper!

† William Shakspeare. By Victor Hugo. Translated by Melville B. Anderson. \$2.00. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

morrow, we shall teach forever, the "Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles."

But with all its Frenchness—Victor-Hugo Frenchness—of style, and with all its falsities, eccentricities, and extravagance of comment and criticism, the book must be reckoned one of the most powerful that the author has left us. Prof. Anderson has done good work in putting it into English, and the publishers are to be thanked for the admirable style in which they have brought it out. We infer that the mechanical execution is their own, as no printer's name appears anywhere in the volume. It is a credit to the West that such typography is possible there.

A Novel of the Ninth Ward.*

MR. ELLIOT's story of 'The Common Chord' is brief, terse and concentrated. Though it is emphatically a story, as full of incident as of observations on life, its value is less in the story than in the vivid portraiture of a certain class of people—their life, their characteristics, their ways, their principles and their emotions or lack of emotions. Realistic from cover to cover, it is so not because it ignores thoughts and gives us actions. Realism merely demands that if you do give thoughts, you shall give real thoughts. When Charles Egbert Craddock tells us that Mink, while escaping from justice, wondered whether he 'should ever again see Chilhowee thus receive the slant of the sunrise and stand revealed in definite purple heights against the pale blue of the far west,' or 'mark that joyous matutinal impulse of nature as the dawn expanded into day,' the effect is grating. Mink did not wonder anything of the kind. The passage therefore is not realistic, because he did not think it, nor is it artistic, because it is never good art to represent falsely. Mr. Elliot strikes no such false note in his realistic chord. Having chosen the common chord of average humanity, every word is in perfect harmony. Do you think this an easy thing to do? It was easy for Disraeli never to strike a false note in luxury. But if you have chosen to write of the commonplace, there is that in human nature which instinctively longs for the elegant when it comes to striking an effect. Little Effie, in a recent *St. Nicholas*, trying honestly to write a 'realistic novel,' is no more hampered by her hopeless craving for the remarkable and the lovely, than is many an older novelist who means to be honest but who longs to be elegant and heroic. Even Dickens, whom for so long we looked upon as our one great commoner, never could resist giving a ladylike touch to his Lizzie Hexams and Little Nells. Mr. Elliot, having chosen to write of that Ninth Ward which he describes as looking as if it 'had been packed in a bomb and fired at the city, exploding streets where it fell,' never once forgets himself or remembers Fifth Avenue. His Nellie Goodkind is a Lizzie Hexam of the Ninth Ward, whom a fine gentleman attempts to lead to ruin; but not a single ladylike touch disfigures her. Such as she is, the author trusts her to us—sweet, bright, merry, foolish, unrefined, with all the faults of her heredity and environment—resenting insult, but resenting it in slang. And Nellie is but one of the delightful Goodkind household. If she is charming, what shall we say of her father, patiently filling scrap-books from the newspapers, and impressing every one of his family so deeply with their importance, that when her lover is cast into prison on a false accusation and they are all too poor to bail him out, poor Nellie asks in perfect good faith, 'Wouldn't they take the scraps?' And if we like Nellie and Mr. Goodkind, what shall we say of Chirp, the boot-black with the seraphic voice? Nor is the villain of the play less of a success. He is a fine gentleman, not to the manner born, but one to illustrate how poor is mere success in life, even if it has cultivated the taste, while that remains which could stoop to hurt a Nellie Goodkind. There is a fine touch in making vengeance overtake him, not in the pistols of victims, but in the weariness of a life which success has failed to satisfy.

* The Common Chord. By Henry R. Elliot. \$1.00. New York: Cassell & Co.

— Palestine To-Day.*

LAURENCE OLIPHANT, the brilliant journalist, graceful novelist and indefatigable traveller, seems the embodiment of perpetual motion. He never rests long in one place. The Orient has for him an endless fascination. We found him writing about Nepaul in 1852. We remember him as the vivid eyewitness and charming chronicler of Lord Elgin's mission to China and Japan. We heard of him locating colonies in Gilead. We read his letters from Paris, and anon his satirical skit anent Irene Macgillicuddy of New York. For the last few years, we knew of his being in Syria. The fat soil of Palestine tempted his spade, and the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon his horse's hoofs. Modern outcrops of colonies, German settlements, sanitariums, surveys for prospective railways and canals, with the fruits of excavations made daily visible, have tempted this unrelenting scribe to be a Palestineologist. We knew he had but to tickle his subject with a nib, and it would laugh a book.

So here we have it. Between sixty and seventy of his letters to the New York *Sun* have been culled out of the columns of that journal, and bound together by a string of title-page and a knot of Preface, by the author, and a tag of Introduction by Charles A. Dana. It has also an alleged table of 'contents,' which is a list of titles of the papers, for there are no chapters, and the book-sections are not numbered. Shame to say it, so excellent a book has no index. For excellent the book is. Despite its unpretending character, it presents us with a clear, accurate and easily apprehended picture of the ever-interesting land as it is to-day. Making his head-quarters at Haifa, where so many Germans of the Temple sect from the Fatherland, and from their American headquarters, Schenectady, N. Y., have built a clean bright modern town, Mr. Oliphant walked, rode, dug, interviewed and studied in many parts of Palestine. He describes out-of-the-way places of interest; and, of the beaten paths and common places makes graphic sketches, picturing especially their condition. With this eyesight knowledge of to-day is combined the easy grace of rich scholarship and mastery of history. 'The Three Jerichos' is a typical chapter among the many we have read. Mr. Oliphant has earned his title of Palestineologist. He has also introduced the Concord and other hardy American varieties of the grape into Syria. He is both practical and scholarly. We note that fifty thousand pounds of olive-oil soap are made annually in Haifa and exported to America. This makes good revenue to the Temple colonists; but if only the Arabs could become users of soap, what good missionary work the devout Germans would be doing! Arabs and cleanliness—think of it! We are surprised that between two scholars like Dana and Oliphant the vulgarism 'Revelations,' as applied to the last book in the Bible, slipped into the text.

— Gogol's "Dead Souls."†

'DEAD SOULS' is Gogol's masterpiece, and it belongs to that class of masterpieces seen to best advantage in Leonardo's Head of Medusa—a glowing, flaming, fiery ugliness that transfixes while it fascinates you. After reading such a book you are ailing—you suffer from a sort of spiritual malady—you have seen the half-withdrawn vision of Gorgon and shrink in terror from its fulness and its perfect revelation. How one could write hundreds of pages of so unlovely a romance—above all, how one could read them, be thrilled, interested, excited—is the mystery. And yet, while we say 'I cannot read any further—it is too horrible,' we pick up the book again and again, we read, we resume, until at last the whole is before us: Russia spread out in all its unloveliness, its bureaucratism, its official life, its cheatery and roguery. That Gogol should have selected a swind-

* Haifa; or, Life in Modern Palestine. By Laurence Oliphant. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros.

† Tchitchikoff's Journeys; or, Dead Souls. By N. V. Gogol. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. 2 vols. \$2.50. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

ler as his chief character and made of him an incomparable work of art, gathered all provincial Russia about him in flounces and furbelows, made the whole mighty landscape an environment for his meanness and ignominy, lifted him to the skies in a golden platter, so to speak, and asked us, if not to adore, at least to wonder—this is the singular fact. Sin of many sorts has been chattered about in novels innumerable before, but perhaps never this sort of sin—petty meanness, sleek stealing, urbane robbery.

A man who has been a respectable thief all his life long conceives the fantastic idea of buying up 'dead souls'—*i. e.*, serfs who have died, but whose names are still on the last census rolls as if they were alive. With these he intends to figure as a vast landed proprietor in the remote Khersonese, impose upon the provincial gentry as a millionaire, carry out schemes and swindles of every hue, and at last pass away in the odor of sanctity. To this end his 'journeys' are directed, and he succeeds partly in accomplishing his purpose. Incidentally these journeyings are filled out with wonderful garnishing, marvellous trimmings, Dickens-like minuteness of description, a power that is almost incredible, a humor that, like salt, keeps the whole mass from rotting. There is not one single admirable or lovable character in the throng that fills the two volumes; yet such is the vigor of the portrayal, the vividness of the character-carving, the individualizing gift of the author, that each and all make an indelible impression on the mind: once analyzed they cannot be forgotten, once caught on the mental mirror, they stick there. That Gogol should have conceived and wrought out while he was travelling in Switzerland and Italy such a Nebuchadnezzar-image of Russia, such a malign figuration of Russian habits and casts of thought, filling the whole heavens with its portent, is a reflection on his patriotism. Beaumarchais inculcates a certain hateful idiosyncrasy of the Gallic nature in Figaro: henceforth Tchitchikoff will, to many, stand for a certain side of the Slavonic nature. Miss Hapgood has presented him so faithfully in her spirited translation that she too will have to suffer along with Gogol, just as we nearly always associate the showman with the exhibition.

Some Recent Educational Works.

ONE is agreeably impressed in reading Mr. W. C. Wilkinson's 'Classic French Course in English' (Chautauqua Press) with its clearness and, on the whole, justness. He has selected some twenty typical authors for his *résumé* of French literature, and of these he treats candidly and intelligently. Of course no one would compare this little volume for an instant with the work of Saintsbury or the volumes of Van Laun; but it fills in its own way a very essential niche in our library corners, and gives to those who are ignorant of French a correct though concise and fleeting impression of the abundant and brilliant literature to which it serves as an introduction. No one, of course, can gain any true conception of that literature—of the opulent and oratorical Gallic spirit—from translations or from brief maxims, dialogues and poems, such as are here presented; he must go to work and learn French, and read, cull, and translate for himself—dip into sparkling Molière or Emersonian Montaigne in the original, grow tender with the untranslated Racine or worldly-wise-poetic with inimitable La Fontaine if he would emerge truly saturated with French civilization. Still, the advantage of such a book of essays for English readers is undeniable on the better-to-have-loved-and-lost-than-never-to-have-loved-at-all principle. It may arouse desultory appetency into positive desire, and kindle stray heat into comfortable flame. For our part we can but wonder that Mr. Morley's or Mr. Andrew Lang's admirable series of English Men-of-Letters and English Worthies have not been followed by similar series for French and German Worthies and Men-of-Letters. Such a double series, under the editorship (for French writers) of Mr. George Saintsbury and of Dr. Hedge or Max Müller (for German writers), would fill a need long keenly felt by people unequal to the task of attacking Gervinus and Julian Schmidt in the original or the numerous volumes of the 'Biographie Universelle.' The twenty writers that Mr. Wilkinson groups together in his presentation would make an excellent start for the French series. These writers are Froissart, Rabelais, Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Vauvenargues, La Fontaine, Molière, Pascal, de Sévigné, Corneille, Racine, Bos-

suet, Fénelon, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopædists.

THE same felicitous English style that has marked Dr. A. P. Peabody's previous translations of Cicero's writings, lends a charm to his rendering of the 'Tusculan Disputations.' (Little, Brown & Co.) In the whole Latin literature he could hardly have found a work more worthy of a fresh English dress than this, whose lofty and inspiring thought has given it rank among the noblest products of Pagan genius. The five books of the 'Tusculan Disputations,' 'On the Contempt of Death,' 'On Bearing Pain,' 'On Grief,' 'On the Passions' and 'Virtue Sufficient for Happiness,' sum up in simple language the purest and best teachings of ancient philosophy on the troubles and trials of life. The translation shows hardly a trace of Latin idiom, and in the main brings out faithfully the thought of the original. Footnotes are added, to explain unfamiliar allusions and points of argument seeming to require elucidation.—THE inaugural address of Prof. Morris in taking up the duties of the Latin Chair at Williams College, 'The Study of Latin in the Preparatory Course' (D. C. Heath & Co.), is a suggestive discussion of the scientific method of modern classical philology, and its educational value. He maintains that, rightly taught, the Latin language becomes a means of training second to none 'in the fundamental scientific processes, observation, generalization, and proof;' and that for this reason, if for no other, it is entitled to retain its present position in our courses of study. The argument is well thought out and forcibly presented.—T. D. GOODELL has prepared in 'The Greek in English' (Henry Holt & Co.) an introductory Greek book intended to make the learner acquainted in a few lessons with the meaning and force of the words of Greek origin in our language. The vocabularies and exercises contain, almost exclusively, words whose derivatives are in daily use. The book is not designed to supplant the ordinary beginner's manuals, but to meet the needs of those who wish to obtain some knowledge of Greek but have no time or opportunity for a full course. The aim and plan of the lessons are excellent; how far they will be successful in bringing about the result intended can be determined only by trial in the class-room, and must in any case depend largely upon the ability of the teacher to supplement from his own knowledge the material presented.

IF WE do not find 'Warman's School-Room Friend,' by Prof. E. B. Warman, A.M. (Chicago: W. H. Harrison, Jr.), of great value, it is not because we deny the truth of what it teaches, but because what it teaches is so true as to seem an axiom hardly requiring to be taught at all. Prof. Warman gives elaborate rules for finding out which word of a sentence should be the emphatic one; but his extensive test invariably fixes upon the word which the simplest intellect would have emphasized unconsciously as the right one. At any rate, an intellect incapable of feeling that this was the right one, would be quite too feeble to apply Prof. Warman's intricate test-measures to any sentences but those laid down for it in the manual.—MR. W. H. MAXWELL has prepared an excellent little book called 'Primary Lessons in Language and Composition.' (A. S. Barnes & Co.) Its object is to teach in simple and easy ways the grammar which never need be taught by rules; and it takes up such practical points as writing and addressing ordinary letters, notes, etc., in a really helpful way. If in anything, it errs a little in overdoing the simplicity. There is not the slightest necessity for making any effort to teach children not to say 'an cup,' though we know of one who speaks not only of 'an hour' but of 'a whole nour.'—LEE & SHEPARD issue a new edition of Whately's 'English Synonyms Discriminated.' The little book is still as helpfully suggestive as when it was first published, its value lying in the fact that it is not a mere list of synonyms, but—as its title implies—an analysis of synonyms enabling one to choose between them.

'A PRACTICAL RHETORIC,' by J. Scott Clark, A.M., (Henry Holt & Co.) has a pleasant sound for a title, in these days when all erudition is being simplified to general intelligence; but we fail to see in exactly what respect the book has simplified the study of rhetoric. It certainly adheres to the old system of grammatical rules, and such a suggestion as that 'the most common violation of clearness is found in the ambiguous use of the demonstrative pronoun, in either the nominative or the oblique cases,' does not seem greatly superior to methods of explanation in the past. When in illustration of the 'suggestion' there is given the sentence, 'Her home was near the village church, and this seems to have had great influence over her religious character,' the puzzled student wonders why this is not sufficiently clear, only to be informed that the 'improved' version would read, 'Her home was near the village church, a circumstance which seems to have had great influence over her re-

ligious character.' A great number of the rules and illustrations that follow seem equally what New England matrons call 'finicky,' making the book, however wise and right in its 'suggestions,' one less of simplified rhetoric for a beginner than of amplified niceties for the purist. Thus we are told to avoid ambiguity by saying 'When he saw his friend in the audience, he determined to play his part through,' or 'although he saw,' etc., or 'because he saw,' etc., instead of, 'Seeing his friend,' etc. Neither must we permit ourselves to say, 'Try this gun once, and you will never use another' (which is, in truth, somewhat too suggestive of a fatal explosion); but rather, 'Try this gun once, and you will never be satisfied with another.' Again, we are told that 'where several adverbial modifiers are to occur in succession, it is customary to place those of time first, those of place second, and those of manner last.' Thus, you must not say, 'Died, in New York City, of consumption, April 10, 1885, Mrs. Theodore Blair,' but 'Died, April 10, 1885, in New York City, of consumption, Mrs. Theodore Blair.' The reader who tries to correct the statement that 'those who desire to attend can procure tickets of the secretary,' by substituting the simpler 'wish' for 'desire,' and perhaps the colloquial 'get' for the Latin 'procure,' finds that the true correction is to say, 'those desiring,' instead of 'those who desire.'

IT IS NOT often that one can mention in a single review two books on educational methods so praiseworthy as Mrs. Louisa P. Hopkins' 'How Shall my Child be Taught?' (Lee & Shepard) and Mr. John T. Prince's 'Courses and Methods: A Handbook for Teachers,' (Ginn & Co.) Neither is a masterpiece, and both, after doing their modest work of suggestion and help, will pass out of sight; but both are earnest, sensible, based on sound thought and considerable experience, and unusually free from 'fads' and universal educational panaceas. Mrs. Hopkins' book, which has for its sub-title 'Practical Pedagogy; or, The Science of Teaching Illustrated,' is like an expanded and more practical modern edition of 'Evenings at Home' or 'The Parents' Assistant,' with the story element reduced, and essays added. Of less literary ability than Mrs. Hopkins' volume, but broader in range and containing more tabulated hints and plans, is the book by Mr. Prince, an experienced school-superintendent, now agent of the Massachusetts Board of Education. Teachers will find it a valuable aid, both in its general advice and in its particularized-helps. Mr. Prince gives a very full table-of-contents, but no index; Mrs. Hopkins an ordinary table-of-contents but no index. We should like to apply the mental and moral training of both books to the inculcation of the truth that an unindexed text-book or manual loses half its usefulness.—A BRIGHT pamphlet entitled 'The Presumption of Brains' (New England Publishing Co.), by Albert P. Marble, Superintendent of the Worcester schools, argues that children nowadays are treated on the supposition that they are nearly brainless, and so are pestered for months and years with silly 'developing' exercises. This criticism applies slightly, but not seriously, to the two books just mentioned. Mr. Marble's praise of the old parsing-books, with their extracts from standard poets, will be appreciated by many a reader past middle life; and rightly, for some such readers derive their sole knowledge of Milton, Pope, Thomson and Gray from dim memories of distant schooldays.

The Authors' Readings in Boston.

THE interior of the Boston Museum presented a brilliant scene on Thursday afternoon of last week, when all literary and social Boston were gathered together there to honor the memory of the poet Longfellow. A peculiarity of the company was that its most distinguished members were seated on the stage; for the occasion was an authors' matinee, such as New Yorkers were made acquainted with by the supporters of the International Copyright movement, two years ago. Of those who filled the auditorium, having paid from \$2 to \$5 for entrance tickets or seats, there was a sufficient number to add \$5,000 or so to the Memorial Fund. A special to the *Tribune* says:

At five minutes past 2 o'clock the curtain rose, disclosing a drawing-room scene, through the opening at the rear appearing a conservatory. Near the footlights was a beautiful vase of flowers sent by Mrs. Wirt Dexter as a compliment to those who participated in the entertainment. About the room were chairs and sofas; near the centre was a large oval table, beside which sat Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. At the extreme left of the semicircle extending across the stage was the Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale. By him sat James Russell Lowell, beside him the familiar form and genial face of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. On the sofa behind the Doctor

was Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. At the extreme right was the humorist, Samuel L. Clemens. Beside him was George W. Curtis, and next were Thomas Bailey Aldrich and William D. Howells. Those who are familiar with the engraving representing Washington Irving and his friends can picture to their minds the attitudes and expression of this group of American authors. The only particular in which the latter failed to be the full counterpart of the former was in the lack of the single central figure to unify the whole. This was supplied in the imagination of all who could see the presiding spirit that was present in the entire conception, that of Longfellow. Around that idealized personality, in fancy at least, the essayists, wits and poets that formed the semicircle on the stage may be said to have been grouped, and without it, this singular and perhaps unparalleled congress of authors in New England could never have been gathered. From Mark Twain at the extreme left, representing indigenous American humor, to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on the right, who represented both humor and poesy, every figure was full of individuality and was a distinct acquisition to the picture, the shapely head and boldly cut lineaments of George William Curtis, the little round figure and rosy cheeks of Thomas B. Aldrich, the tall martial form of Colonel Higginson, and the solid Napoleonic suggestiveness of William D. Howells, as well as the grave and now almost patriarchal exterior of James Russell Lowell combining to give unity and variety to the tableau. Whittier alone of the great authors was absent, being too feeble to be present.

Another poet whose presence would have added much to the interest of the occasion, but who had been so long away from gatherings of this sort that his absence occasioned no remark, was John Godfrey Saxe, who at that very moment was drawing his last breath, several hundred miles away. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton acted as master of ceremonies, introducing the various readers with his wonted felicity of speech. Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) was the first reader, his text being an article entitled 'English as She is Taught,' to which attention has already been drawn in these columns, and which appeared in *The Century* the day after the reading. When he read the Brooklyn pupil's characterization of Dr. Holmes as 'a very profligate and amusing writer,' the house fairly roared with merriment and the Doctor himself was convulsed with laughter. The Autocrat was the next reader. He read the 'Chambered Nautilus.'

'His voice shook and quavered at first,' says the Boston *Herald*, 'but as he read it gradually grew rich and sonorous, reaching the farthest corner of the house. He glanced occasionally at the book, and gestured with his eye-glass. Then he gave "Dorothy Q." This name in full, he said, was Quincy. An English paper had spelled it "Cue," which, said the Doctor, might have been more appropriate if she had been a billiard player, or even an actress. She was an aunt of Josiah Quincy, Jr., so called. The picture to which the poem is an apostrophe was defaced by the stab of a British officer's rapier during the occupancy of Boston by the red coats. Dr. Holmes read the poem in a way that appealed straight to the hearts of his hearers. It was imbued with tender feeling. The thought behind every line blazed through the expressive features of the reader. He gave himself completely to the spirit of the poetry, tingling and vibrating with life, rising on his toes and ending with a dash and sparkle which made his hearers beside themselves with delight.'

Mr. Lowell's rising was the signal for an ovation. He read Longfellow's 'Building of the Ship' and his own poem written for the poet's sixtieth birthday, Feb. 27, 1867. Mr. Curtis read Mrs. Potiphar's letter to Miss Caroline Pettitoes, from the 'Potiphar Papers'; Mr. Howells read an extract from one of his earliest books, 'Their Wedding Journey'; Col. Higginson's reading was of his amusing sketch, 'Vocations for Saints'; and Mr. Aldrich gave the audience a selection from 'The Story of a Bad Boy.' Dr. Hale read an old poem, 'The Great Harvest Year,' and Mrs. Howe an old one, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' and a new one, written for the occasion, which ran as follows:

Master that dwell'st in heaven serene,
Thrice happy soul, that ours hast been,
We turn to Thee in this fair scene

As birds that pipe without a cage,
Make its dear inmate to engage
In the worst warfare singers wage.

But thou from out the golden wires
Hast passed beyond the summit fires,
To enter where our hope expires.

Well we recall the falling snows,
The sad day darkening to its close,
That saw thee folded in repose.

And as they led thy funeral train,
Fair rhymes, the children of thy brain,
Did follow thee, with soft refrain.

In marble shall men set thy name,
Give lavish measure to thy claim
Of dear remembrance and high fame.

But while they praise thy varied skill,
I in my thoughts hold higher still
The glory of thy great good will,

And deem thee, though a king of art,
By crown and chrism set apart,
Best gifted in a human heart.

The purpose of the Longfellow Fund is to create a garden out of a piece of land of several acres, in front of the poet's old home in Cambridge, which was given for that purpose by Longfellow's friends after his death; and to erect there a statue of the poet.

Bernhardt as Théodora.

IN WRITING 'Théodora,' Sardou had two objects in view: first, to show Sarah Bernhardt at her best, and second, to produce a piece well within the scope of public appreciation. He has succeeded perfectly in both designs, clearly proving his shrewdness and ingenuity, if he has added nothing to his general reputation. The pretence that the play has any especial value from a dramatic or historical point of view is absurd. It is an exceedingly good example of spectacular melodrama, and nothing more, superior to others of its class only in deftness of arrangement and occasional brilliancy of dialogue. The appeal throughout is to the eye rather than the imagination or understanding. The splendor of Oriental interiors, the pageantry of processions, the introduction of executioners with their implements of torture, the suggested strangling of Théodora, the lions, and the circus are all so many devices to delight the gallery, and have been used from time immemorial by playwrights of far less celebrity than Sardou.

But the creation of a new Théodora for the especial benefit of Bernhardt was little less than an inspiration. Never was actress fitted with a part better qualified for the display of her finest abilities or the concealment of her deficiencies. In its various moods it ranges from broad comedy to a pitch of melodramatic passion only just short of tragic emotion, affording a severe test of theatrical versatility and intellectual subtlety, without venturing upon those supreme heights to which mere art, unsupported by genius, cannot attain. The suggestion of insincerity which mars some of Bernhardt's best work in the poetic or tragic drama does not obtrude itself in her Théodora, a part which is intellectual and passionate, but has little to do with the higher emotions. It depends for its effect mainly upon audacity and brilliancy of execution. In these qualities the famous Frenchwoman is unrivalled. The manner in which she indicates the courtesan beneath the assumed dignity of the Empress, is a marvel of cleverness and tact, and nothing could be more natural than her behavior as a circus-girl in the interview with Tamegris. There is a bit of broad comedy in this scene which is delicious. In the love-scenes with Andreas her complete abandonment to the happiness of the moment is expressed with a vividness of gesture seldom seen upon the stage, and with wonderful picturesqueness. Nothing could be more striking than her attitude and facial expression while listening, in her lover's arms, to the ribald verses of which she herself is the subject. The killing of Marcellus, again, was the culmination of an extraordinary piece of pantomime, almost thrilling in its silent interpretation of conflicting

passions, which would have been absolutely great if it had not been unduly prolonged. This is her finest achievement in the performance.

The Lounger

IN THE April number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* will be found a number of letters written by Miss Linley to her then fiancé, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and now printed for the first time. The letters are edited by Miss Stoker, sister of Mr. Bram Stoker, to whom the originals were lent for the purpose by Mr. James McHenry, of London. Mr. McHenry's house, Oak Lodge, is built on a portion of the Holland House grounds, Lady Holland having sold him ten of her hundred acres some years ago. Naturally Holland House is a subject of great interest to Mr. McHenry, and he has the Princess Lichtenstein's history of the famous place, extra-illustrated and extended to several volumes. He has been indefatigable in his search for material, and has gathered together many valuable autograph letters and illustrations for this book. He has also Crocker's 'Boswell' extended to many volumes by the insertion of illustrations and manuscripts. If he would only write down all he knows about people and things, Mr. McHenry could make a book that would be second in interest to none on his library shelves.

IF THE COVERS of 'English as She is Taught,' which Cassell & Co. will have ready in a few days, do not make a sensation, I am no prophet. They are made from designs by Mrs. Candace Wheeler. I don't know exactly what to call the material; it is a sort of calico, but no calico was ever before dignified with such patterns. As soon as these covers are seen, every publisher will say to himself, 'Why didn't I think of this?' It is seldom that one finds such simplicity united with so much beauty; but then that is what the stuffs of the Associated Artists are noted for. Though the material is inexpensive, the covers are not; for the book-binders have not yet learned to handle it readily. The work of binding is done slowly, which means that it is done well; but it costs more than when the ordinary book-binder's cloth is used, with the handling of which the workmen are familiar.

SOME of the prettiest bookcovers I have seen have been made of ordinary cloth, bound wrong side out. The beauty of the method consists chiefly in the lack of gloss and delicacy of color thus obtained. I have seen books covered in this way in pink, gray and light green, though other shades may of course be chosen as easily. A most attractive set of books is Holt's edition of Tourguéneff in English, stripped of its regular binding and reclothed in these comparatively limp covers. A friend showed me, last Christmas, a copy of Daudet's 'Tartarin sur les Alpes,' which he had had bound in this way, improving the effect immensely, however, by having the prettily illustrated paper cover of the original pasted on the face of the book.

I AM GLAD to hear that the Society of Decorative Art has decided not to close its salesrooms. The managers thought seriously of taking this step, and actually sent out circulars to that effect; but they have reconsidered the question and determined to go on in the good work, hard as they have found it to make the two ends meet.

I HAVE SEEN the name of Tourguéneff spelt in different periodicals in five different ways—as Shakspeare is said to have spelt his, in his last will and testament. Prof. Boyesen, of Columbia College, who was personally acquainted with the great novelist, told me some years ago that Tourguéneff himself spelt it as it is spelt here and has always been spelt in THE CRITIC. But Miss Isabel F. Hapgood has written to *The Independent* that 'Tourguéneff is the way he used to spell it himself when he wrote letters in French. It represents the sound well, but it is Frenchified. I always spell it Turgeneff.'

TO SET the vexed question at rest, I wrote to Prof. Boyesen last week, to ask if he had any letter of Tourguéneff's, bearing his signature, that would justify the spelling adopted in these columns. By return of mail I received such a one, written ten years ago this month—Paris, April 25, 1877,—and addressed to Prof. Boyesen at Cornell University. It is written in English, with very few idiomatic errors, and in a very neat and elegant hand. It begins, 'Dear Mr. Boyesen,' and concludes, 'Believe me, my dear sir, yours truly, Iv. Tourguéneff.'

I WOULD advise every one who is interested in the development of American Art to go to the Academy of Design and see Mr.

Donohue's statue of young Sophocles. It is one of the most striking pieces of sculpture I have ever seen from the chisel of an American; and no one has been quicker to acknowledge its great merit than Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, who stands at the head of his profession in this country. Mr. Donohue has a great future before him. I understand that he is quite a young man, and that he comes from Chicago, though he studied in France. His work is imbued with a thoroughly antique spirit; and if I had come across this statue among the masterpieces in the Louvre, I should not have questioned its right to be there.

REV. LINDSAY PARKER, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Brooklyn, sends me the following note:

Will you allow me to correct a report of my interview with the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher shortly before his death, which appears in your issue of March 19? The report states that 'Mr. Beecher took Mr. Parker's hands in his, and leaning his head on his friend's shoulder, replied: "Before God, Lindsay, I thank God the old woman and I are so near home." What Mr. Beecher *did* say in reply to my question as to whether he would like to live his life over again, was very nearly as follows: "No, no; I would not have it otherwise. I'm glad to be getting near home. I've had a long full life; my work is almost done. I've enjoyed the world and life, and my work; yes, I've enjoyed it all—not for that I would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." Let me add that Mr. Beecher did not take my hands in his, neither did he lean his head on my shoulder. I would not trouble you about the matter, save that you ascribe to Mr. Beecher manner and language so unlike the man, that I do not care to have the account quoted as coming from me. The Brooklyn *Eagle* of March 10 gives the interview in full and correctly; to it I refer any who may desire further particulars.

I SIMPLY repeated the anecdote as related by Dr. Rainsford in the pulpit of St. George's, on the Sunday following Mr. Beecher's death. Others who heard it understood him to describe the circumstances as I described them, and to put into Mr. Beecher's mouth the words quoted in my note. It is possible that Dr. Rainsford misquoted his former assistant, Mr. Parker, from whom he said the story came. It is also quite possible, on the other hand, that I, and the others who understood him as I did, heard him imperfectly.

Wilson Barrett as Hamlet.

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S performance of Hamlet in the Star Theatre must have been a great disappointment to all who put any faith in the flattering reports concerning it which were scattered broadcast by agents of the box-office. In these Mr. Barrett was represented not only as an actor of the rarest gifts, but as a devoted and intelligent student of Shakspearian tragedy, whose perceptive genius had enabled him to solve and reconcile the problems and inconsistencies which have made the character of the Prince of Denmark an absorbing topic to generations of commentators, and to perfect a conception both convincing to the intellect and satisfying to the imagination. The player himself, unless he has been maliciously misrepresented, has lost no opportunity of airing his views on the subject, and in dilating upon his emendations of doubtful passages, his rearrangement of misplaced scenes, and his vital theory—evolved in defiance of the accepted text—that Hamlet was a mere boy of eighteen years, equally sound in mind and body. So much stress was laid upon the novelty, the intellectual clearness and the personal charm of the impersonation, and such a vast amount of printed adulation was circulated, that public interest, somewhat languid as a rule in regard to new Hamlets, was considerably stirred, and the English artist made his bow to an audience of uncommon dimensions and intelligence. The reception extended to him was extremely cordial, but the enthusiasm cooled rapidly when it became clear that his pretensions rested upon the most shadowy foundation. His performance, indeed, was so devoid of either scholarship or imagination that it can furnish no excuse for detailed description or serious discussion. Its most remarkable attribute is its immense self-assurance. It pretends to be youthful and natural, whereas it is manifestly mature in years, and painfully artificial in manner. Nothing in it is more noticeable than the straining after theatrical effect. The poses and gestures are devised to catch the eye, and lest any of them should be unobserved, the lime-light is brought into

requisition. Even when all the rest of the stage is in darkness, the spot where Hamlet stands is brilliantly illuminated. The whole scheme of the stage management, in short, is to give the greatest possible prominence to Mr. Barrett.

This would be less objectionable if he exhibited a comprehension of the part he assumes to interpret, but the poetry, the pathos and the tragedy of it are hopelessly beyond him. Whether he is in soliloquy, with the Ghost, with Ophelia, at the play, in his mother's closet, or in the churchyard, his performance is soulless and rigidly mechanical. Nowhere is there a note of true emotion, or a flash of inspiration. He solves the difficulties of the part by ignoring them, substitutes his own personality for that of the Prince of Denmark, and thinks his little melodramatic tricks afford a natural and consistent interpretation of one of the profoundest conceptions of human genius. As to the alterations in the ordinary stage version of the play, they amount to nothing, and would not be noticed by ordinary playgoers if attention were not called to them. The transfer of the play scene to the garden gives an opportunity for a striking tableau, and is reasonable enough, although it does not add in any way to the coherence of the story. Whenever Mr. Barrett undertakes to improve upon the usual readings he excites the suspicion that his sole object is peculiarity. His emendations seldom indicate scholarship or fineness of intuition. The merely mechanical part of his work is well enough done, and no one will dispute that he is an actor of experience and resource, and of considerable skill within certain limits, which do not extend to the confines of tragedy. His company is well drilled, and his scenery is exquisitely painted. The pictorial part of the presentation of the play is altogether satisfactory, and for his liberality and good taste in this direction he is entitled to praise and gratitude.

John Godfrey Saxe.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE, the poet, once so well-known, died at Albany at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon of last week, March 31, and has since been buried in the family lot in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. Thirteen years ago he barely escaped with his life from a railroad accident, while on a lecturing tour in Virginia; and the shock thus caused to a naturally delicate and nervous temperament was the first cause of an illness from which he never wholly rallied. Soon afterward he lost his wife and three daughters and his eldest son. These afflictions brought on fits of melancholia, which became worse as the poet increased in age. A critic whose name will be readily recognized from his initials furnishes us with the following estimate of Mr. Saxe's literary achievement.

The abundant verse of Mr. Saxe belongs almost exclusively to the least poetical of the several orders into which poetry is sometimes classified—*viz.*, the satirical and homiletic, which is made palatable only by natural lyric flow and grace, and by the frolic and gentle humor of its begetter. He ranked below Tom Hood and Dr. Holmes as a maker of light, often comic, ballads, pentameter satires, etc., and he had no claims as their rival in the more serious and imaginative composition of higher moods, on which something more than a passing reputation is founded. A few of his ditties, such as the 'Rhyme of the Rail' and 'The Briefless Barrister,' will long be found in the collections. For the most part he was a popular specimen of the college-society, lecture-room, dinner-table rhymster, that may be set down as a peculiarly American type and of a generation now almost passed away. His unsophisticated wit, wisdom, and verse, were understood and broadly relished by his audiences; his mellow personality made him justly a favorite; and his printed poems obtained a large and prolonged sale among American readers. That this should have been the case, when poetry of a higher class—like Dr. Parsons's,

for example—failed of a general market, shows that, while good wine in the end may need no bush, its dispenser often must wait till the crowd have filled up the hostel that has the gayest sign.

E. C. S.

The following sketch of the poet's life was contributed by John A. Howe, Jr., to *The Fort Orange Monthly* for July, 1886.

A recent editorial in the Boston *Post* contained the following in reference to the well-known poet whose likeness adorns the frontispiece of this number, and whose name is a name of the past. 'Occasionally, from the great drift of personal and general intelligence there rises to the surface, long enough to be briefly noted, a reminder that some man who has helped to make history and distinguish his generation still lives, but only on the feeble strength of the added years that bring labor and sorrow. It seems to need an occasional jog of contemporaneous consciousness to call to public attention the fact that John G. Saxe, not many years ago one of the most popular and fascinating of American wits and poets, is yet in the land of the living. But Saxe, if he lives till June, will have attained no more than the psalmist's limit of the length of "the days of our years." It is one of the eccentricities of fate that a man, whose keenness of satire, freshness of fancy and wealth of wit have done so much to enlighten the world about him, should be ending his days apart from his fellow-men, crushed by bereavements, the victim of a settled melancholy, and waiting with longing for that existence which has become a burden to him to cease. Yet that is the present sad condition of the man who a quarter of a century ago need have envied no one. In his days of virile strength, prosperity and growing reputation, Saxe was not only an entertaining writer, but a charming companion. He liked society, and he liked life in the woods when he could pick his companions. He was the life of occasions and companies, and it is a sad thought to those who knew him then that the cloud now brooding over his life has obscured forever those radiant flashes of wit that used to play so merrily across the literary firmament of thirty years ago.'

John G. Saxe was born in Highgate, Franklin county, Vt., on the 2d day of June, 1816. At the age of seventeen he entered the grammar school at St. Albans, and after a preparatory course entered Middlebury College, from which institution he graduated Bachelor of Arts in the summer of 1839, nearly half a century ago. Of the thirty-seven members of his class, two embraced the medical profession, nine the legal profession, nine became teachers, and seventeen preached the Gospel. As a scholar he was studious and apt, and for a young man more than ordinarily well read in literature. In those days a college education was acquired under difficulties that would discourage the average youth of the present generation. Railroads were few, and long journeys had to be made either on horseback or in heavy stage coaches lumbering over rough and uneven roads, and many a boy with a stout heart, prompted by an ambition that was afterward to raise him to a position of prominence, has footed it to school and footed it home again. Leaving home then meant separation from friends for the whole year, and possibly for the whole college course, a serious thing in a boy's sight. Saxe was the life of those around him; he had a large frame, surmounted by a shapely head, with deep set eyes and an intellectual forehead, while an open, manly countenance reflected nothing but honest good nature and smiles. His ready wit and keenness of satire, coupled with a fondness for rhyming, gave presage of his future renown, and many of his youthful effusions bore the ear-marks of genius. Painter Hall, one of the college buildings in which the boys roomed at that time, is still standing, though unoccupied; Star Hall, a larger and more commodious building, being now used for that purpose. The stone walls are gray with age, and the worn stairways show the tread of many a foot. The room occupied by the young poet is small and plain, the plaster is falling off and the window-cases are battered and scarred. In the 'Carmen Lætum,' a poem read before the Alumni of Middlebury College in 1850, at a celebration held in honor of her fiftieth year, he speaks as follows of his college days:

Ah! well I remember the halcyon years,
Too earnest for laughter, too pleasant for tears;
When life was a boon in yon classical court,
Though lessons were long, and though commons were short!

Commons referred to the daily meals. The boys then, as now, each contributed a small sum weekly toward the support of a dining-hall, and shared their meals in common, which brought their expenses down to a very reasonable figure, though the bill of fare was necessarily limited. The food was good, but it took a great deal of it to satisfy the wants of a crowd of hungry boys, and it was

often a case of 'first come, first served.' Shortly before the occasion mentioned above, an unsuccessful attempt had been made to unite Middlebury College with the University of Vermont, and Saxe, in his poem, speaks of the affair in a very humorous manner, comparing the college to 'a hearty old lady,' and tells how she refused

with a princess-like carriage,
A very respectable offer of marriage.

At first she gives her lover 'permission to hope,' but when she finds that his object is to steal her lands and 'to pocket her dower,' she repels him with 'withering scorn':

Away with the dreams of connubial joys,
I'll stick to the homestead, and look to the boys.

After leaving college Saxe read law at Stockport, N. Y., and at St. Albans, Vt., where he was admitted to the bar in September, 1843. He practiced law in Franklin county some years, and in 1847-48 was superintendent of common schools for that county. As a lawyer, he met with more than average success, and in 1850-51 was State's Attorney for Chittenden county. About this time the law seems to have lost its attraction for him, and his fondness for literature and love of writing led him into the field of journalism, and he became editor and proprietor of the *Vermont Sentinel* published at Burlington, which paper he conducted for some five years in an able manner. In those days people thought a newspaper ought to be furnished for nothing; and in 'The Editor's Sanctum,' a poem published in the *Sentinel*, he relates the following amusing incident about an irate subscriber, who had been dunned several times for his subscription:

Exit the imp of Faust, and enter now
A fierce subscriber, with a scowling brow,
'Sir, curse your paper: send the thing to—' Well,
The place he names were impolite to tell:
Enough to know the hero of the press
Cries: 'Thomas, change the gentleman's address!
We'll send the paper, if the post will let it,
Where the subscriber will be sure to get it.'

He once or twice ran as Democratic candidate for Governor, a nomination that was purely complimentary, as no Democrat was ever elected to that position in the Green Mountain State. When offered the nomination he wrote a short letter of acceptance, and closed with the words, 'for further political views and opinions, I will refer you to my inaugural message.'

In 'A Candid Candidate' we have another specimen of his wit:

When John was contending (though sure to be beat),
In the annual race for the Governor's seat,
And a crusty old fellow remarked to his face,
He was clearly too young for so lofty a place—
'Perhaps so,' said John, 'but consider a minute;
The objection will cease by the time I am in it.'

Although a graduate of Middlebury, Saxe was initiated into the Psi Upsilon fraternity, at Harvard, in 1853, and his love for the society and its members has been deep and lasting. He was often a familiar figure at their annual banquets, and some of his brightest productions were given as toasts on such occasions. At the age of fifty-eight, at Delmonico's, in New York, he responds as follows, as part of a toast:

Success to Psi Upsilon! beautiful dame!
To me, young or old, she is ever the same;
And I feel it, to-night, as the sweetest of joys,
That she counts me, God bless her! as one of her boys;
In gratitude, then, let me say ere we part,
Dear mother, believe me, I'm 'yours from the heart.'

In the preceding verses he expresses a dislike to being considered old, and says:

Is he old who, in spite of his fast thinning curls,
Has a joke for the boys and a smile for the girls?
* * * * *
Is he old who owes nothing to fraudulent art?
Above all, is he old who is young at the heart?

It is hard telling when Saxe first began to write poetry. One of his earliest productions, 'Progress: a Satire,' was written in 1846, at the request of the Associated Alumni of Middlebury College, and read before that society on July 22d of the same year. It is one of the longest and best of his poems. 'A New Rape of the Lock' followed in 1847, and 'The Proud Miss Mac Bride' in 1848. In 1850 his 'Humorous and Satirical Poems' were published, which in ten years ran through seventeen editions, and later with many additions reached the phenomenal number of thirty-two editions, besides being republished in England. In 1859 appeared 'The Money King, and Other Poems,' followed by 'The Flying Dutchman' in 1862, 'Poetical Works' and 'Clever Stories of Many Nations' in 1864, 'The Times, the Telegraph and other

Poems' in 1865, 'The Masquerade and other Poems' in 1866, 'Fables and Legends' in 1872 and 'Leisure Day Rhymes' in 1875.

In the days of *The Knickerbocker Magazine* he was a frequent contributor to its columns, and one of his first contributions was 'A Rhyme of the Rail':

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,

which has done more perhaps toward making him famous than any other of his poems. It has gone the rounds of the newspapers throughout the country time and again and has been familiar to generations of school children. In conversation, Saxe abounded in satire and bright repartee, and it was said of him that 'he wasted more wit in one day than would set up a Yankee *Punch* or a score of "Yankee Doodles." He was a profound observer of human nature, and ridiculed many of the conceits and foibles of his day. His keenness of observation is well illustrated in 'The Way of the world,' 'The Proud Miss Mac Bride,' 'Pencil-Pictures taken at Saratoga' and 'The Mourner à la Mode,' in which he dwells with quiet humor on the grief expressed in 'billows of crape,'

It is scarce without measure
The sorrow that goes by the yard.

Saxe occupies the same position in this country which Tom Hood did in England, and though not possessing the beauty and pathos of Lowell and Holmes, or the tenderness of Longfellow, he is a poet of whom one never tires, and his rank in the poetic scale is none the lower. He was a lover of the classics and something of a linguist, and his works contain many translations from the Greek, French and German poets. Nowhere is his wit more pleasing than in his travesties, ballads and epigrams. One of the latter is entitled 'A Woman's Will':

Men dying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

Of his ballads, 'The Ghost Player,' 'The Briefless Barrister,' 'How Cyrus Laid the Cable,' and 'The Cold Water Man,' are particularly funny. In 'Little Jerry the Miller,' the description of the mill and the miller is quite true, the latter having been Mr. Saxe's father's miller in Highgate, Vt., for many years.

Among so many things, where all are equally good, it is a difficult matter to choose any favorites, and in the quotations I have simply endeavored to convey an idea of the poet's wit and unbounded humor, together with his style of expressing thought.

Aside from his lighter productions his works contain many poems in soberer vein which are deserving of mention. His sonnet called 'Bereavement' is a companion piece to Longfellow's 'Resignation,' and his 'Here and Hereafter' and 'Miserere Domine' are full of merit.

Our Father! ever blessed name,
To Thee we bring our sin and shame,
Weak though we, perverse of will,
Thou art our gracious Father still,
Who knowest well how frail we be,
Miserere Domine!

After leaving Vermont, Saxe came to this city (Albany) and took up his residence on Madison Avenue, nearly opposite the Cathedral, where he lived for a number of years. His tall form was a familiar sight on our streets, and during his stay here he made many friends, whose love and sympathy cling round him now in his affliction. His work on the *Vermont Sentinel* was his last regular occupation; after that he gave his time solely to literature and to lecturing, having appeared on nearly every platform throughout the country, and so great was the desire to see and hear the witty poet and lecturer that he had only to fix the date and to name his price. Here is a description of himself at that time:

Now I am a man, you must learn,
Less famous for beauty than strength,
And for aught I could ever discern,
Of rather superfluous length.
In truth, 'tis but seldom one meets
Such a Titan in human abodes,
And when I stalk over the streets,
I'm a perfect Colossus of roads.

Saxe afterward moved to Brooklyn and bought a house on First Place. He contributed to all the leading magazines and made many warm friends among the celebrated writers of the day. His poems and lectures brought him a snug competence, and he gave a share of his time to travel. For twenty-three successive years he summered at Saratoga, and in all large assemblies his was a striking figure.

One of the first things he did after moving to Brooklyn was to purchase a lot for family burial. At that time he was surrounded

by an interesting family—a loving wife, one of the noblest women that ever lived, two sons, and three daughters. His fame was fast increasing and he was everywhere lionized and courted. Life to him then was all sunshine and smiles, but the shadows settled fast over that happy home, and to-day the mother and her three daughters sleep side by side in that Greenwood lot, and a son rests in our own Rural Cemetery. Sorrow and suffering did their work, and the loved poet is now ending his days apart from the world, a broken-hearted man. He came back to this city alone, in 1881, shortly after his wife's death, and is now living with his son on State Street, though few of the good people of Albany know of his presence in their midst. Sickness has bowed the rugged frame and enfeebled his step. Lines of care are furrowed across his brow, and age has sprinkled the silver in his hair. He sees no visitors and rarely leaves his room. Longfellow, Emerson, and other of the writers of his day lived to a ripe age and died in the midst of their work, but Saxe still lives on at the age of seventy, though dead to the world, dead to literature, and dead to the thousands of friends whose hearts yearn to comfort and cheer the man whose genius and wit have lightened so many homes as, in his declining years, he hears the evening sunset.

The following beautiful tribute to the poet, by C. S. Percival, we copy from *The Century* for June:

O genial Saxe, whose radiant wit
Flashed like the lightning from the sky,
But, though each flash as keenly hit,
Wounded but what deserved to die—
Alas! the cloud that shrouds thy day
In gathering darkness, fold on fold,
Serves not as background for the play
Of those bright gleams that charmed of old;
For, from its depths where terrors hide,
There crashed a bolt of dreadful tone;
Scattered thy household treasures wide,
And left thee silent, bruised, alone.
We miss thy song this pleasant May;
And, in the meadows, pause to think:
'What if, amid their bright array,
We heard no voice of Bobolink!'—
Yet charms not now his blithesome lay,
Nor flowery mead 'in verdure clad.'
The world that laughed when thou wast gay,
Now weeps to know that thou art sad.

We reprint herewith two of the most popular of Saxe's humorous poems:

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER A BALLAD.

AN Attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.
His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half-a-crown in his purse.
And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself:
'Unfortunate man that I am!
I've never a client but grief;
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief!
'I've waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an "opening" to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind.
'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.
'O, how can a modest young man
E'er hope for the smallest progression—
The profession's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession!
While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell

On a vary deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, 'It is well !'
To curb his emotions, he sat
On the curb-stone the space of a minute,
Then cried, 'Here's an opening at last !'
And in less than a jiffy was in it !
Next morning twelve citizens came,
('Twas the coroner bade them attend,)
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end !
'The man was a lawyer, I hear,'
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse ;
'A lawyer ? Alas !' said another,
'Undoubtedly died of remorse !'
A third said, 'He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt from the want of a cause,'
The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
That the lawyer was drown'd, because
He could not keep his head above water !'

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

SINGING through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me ! this is pleasant, riding on the rail !
Men of different 'stations' in the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly coming to the same.
High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
On a common level travelling together !
Gentleman in shorts, looming very tall ;
Gentleman at large, talking very small ;
Gentleman in tights, with a loose-ish mien ;
Gentleman in gray, looking rather green.
Gentleman quite old, asking for the news ;
Gentleman in black, in a fit of blues ;
Gentleman in claret, sober as a vicar ;
Gentleman in Tweed, dreadfully in liquor !
Stranger on the right, looking very sunny,
Obviously reading something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker, wonder what they mean ?
Faith, he's got *The Knickerbocker Magazine* !
Stranger on the left, closing up his peepers,
Now he snores again, like the Seven Sleepers ;
At his feet a volume gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid from 'Association !'
Ancient maiden lady anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril 'mong so many sparks ;
Roguish looking fellow, turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion *she* is out of danger !
Woman with her baby, sitting *vis-a-vis* ;
Baby keeps a squalling, woman looks at me ;
Asks about the distance, says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars are so very shocking !
Market woman careful of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her basket ;
Feeling that a smash, if it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot rather prematurely !
Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale ;
Bless me ! this is pleasant, riding on the rail !

Magazine Notes.

The Century seems perhaps a little heavy for the season. It gives a vast deal of information ; and it is certain that the supply of War literature is fully equal to the demand. Joel Chandler Harris relieves the heaviest of the information by a story called 'Little Compton,' in which Northern and Southern elements mingle in Georgia before and during the War. The Life of Lincoln takes up the Kansas troubles, and gives Lincoln's views on slavery, partly in extracts from his speeches. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's paper on 'Canterbury Cathedral,' with Pennell's admirable illustrations, is, like all

her work, readable in kind and fine in quality. George Parsons Lathrop relates how some of Hawthorne's portraits were taken ; but the main thing after all was the portraits, and an excellent one, engraved by Cole, is the frontispiece. Dr. Eggleston's paper of colonial history deals with the 'Church and Meeting-House before the Revolution ;' Prof. Whitney contributes an elaborate paper on the Veda ; and Edward Atkinson gives, as the result of his careful estimates, that ten per cent. is the maximum 'Margin of Profits' on all production in this country. Fortunately, the one bright factor of the month's combination is very bright, Mark Twain's 'English as She is Taught' being a richly enjoyable glimpse into a little book not yet published, containing the answers of pupils in public schools to certain examination papers. In Open Letters, a host of musical composers protest against the lack of international copyright in music.

Mr. Thomas Stevens's bicycling tour in *Outing* is still 'personally conducted ;' for although Mr. Stevens has reached the end of his journey in the flesh long before he will reach it in the magazine, he is comfortably installed in the editorial office, and will overlook the pages of his record with an undoubted 'Haec et olim meminisse juvabit.' Lieut. John Bigelow's chase after Geronimo, who has been a prisoner for months, comes to an end. Samuel Baylis gives a technical paper on electric timing ; James Ricalton tells how to travel with very little money ; and Capt. Coffin, in a sea story, relates how he once managed on the ocean without masts. Henry Chadwick discusses the new playing rules of base-ball ; Chas E. Clay gives the concluding paper of his 'Bout with the Gloves ;' and Edwards Roberts describes the 'Yachts and Yacht Clubs of San Francisco.'—*The Brooklyn Magazine* gives the last correctly reported sermon of Mr. Beecher. If we had our way, curfew should not ring to-night, or any other night, in the social drawing-room ; but there may be people who still have a lingering sympathy with Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, the author of that remarkable poem, and who will value an autograph reproduction of it in this number. M. J. Gorton contributes a very readable paper on 'Fruits and Flowers of California.'

Several numbers of *The Quarterly Journal of Economics*, published for Harvard University by George H. Ellis, of Boston, have now been issued. The names of the editors are not given, but it is understood that the periodical is under the editorial care of the Political Economy faculty of Harvard University. Contributions are promised from Francis A. Walker, Carroll D. Wright, Prof. J. L. Laughlin, F. W. Taussig and Prof. Simon Newcomb. Each of the first two numbers issued contains three articles, notes and memoranda, a list of recent publications upon economics and an appendix. The carefully prepared lists of books and articles relating to all phases of social science and political economy are of much value. It seems to be the purpose of the editors to include in an appendix to each number such articles, translations and collections of facts and statistics as are not appropriate to the body of the periodical. In the first number the articles on 'The Reaction in Political Economy' and 'Silver before Congress in 1886' are of special value and interest. The second number discusses 'The Disposition of our Public Lands' and the South-Western Strike of 1886. The best article yet published, however, is Carroll D. Wright's Historical Sketch of the Knights of Labor, which gives a great amount of information hitherto inaccessible to the public. It seems to be the purpose of this periodical to discuss current events in the light afforded by political economy ; not to discuss the science in its general relations, but to apply it to specific events and phenomena.

The Political Science Quarterly continues steadily to improve. The fourth number completes the first volume, and contains a table of contents and index. Among the articles are 'The Future of Banking,' by Horace White ; 'Scientific Socialism,' by Herbert L. Osgood ; and 'Van Holst's Public Law,' by Prof. John W. Burgess. Many books are carefully reviewed, among them the recent works of Stubbs, Freeman and McLennan. The present number contains six articles, all able and thorough. The *Quarterly* has grown in size since its first issue, and also in the weight and importance of its contents.

A portrait of Henry Ward Beecher, photographed from a crayon drawing by Kurtz, is the frontispiece of the April number of *The Magazine of American History*. An article on the 'Transition Period of the American Press' is illustrated with reduced fac-similes of copies of the New York *Evening Post*, *Herald* (not the *Herald* of to-day) and other papers of 1797 to 1802, and with portraits of William Cobbett, William Coleman, Noah Webster, J. K. Paulding and Washington Irving, and an engraving of 'Will Wizard,' from an old copy of 'Salmagundi.' 'A Hero of the Far North' gives an account of Master Charles F. Putnam, of the Rodgers, and is illustrated by a photo-engraving of the memorial tablet de-

signed by Lauber. Other important articles are 'The Making of History in Alaska' and 'The Constitution of the State of New York.'

The Fine Arts

Good Work at the Academy.

IT IS an agreeable surprise to find several good pieces of sculpture at the sixty-second annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design. Triviality in this branch of art has long been the rule at the Academy. But with Donohue's 'Young Sophocles Leading the Chorus of Victory after the Battle of Salamis'—a vigorous, boldly-modelled antique type, strongly imbued with modernity; his bronze bas-relief of a seraphim, Byzantine and decorative in feeling; F. Edwin Elwell's graceful and bizarre little figure, treated in a realistic pictorial way; and Carl Rohl Smith's 'Bacchante Group,' full of spirit and action, the old Academy may be said to have begun to redeem its reputation. Mr. Smith also has a striking head of Prof. H. H. Boyesen and Mr. Olin L. Warner's bust of Wm. Gedney Bunce is well modelled. The display of pictures is one of the best made in recent years by the Academy. There are a number of good works thrown into relief by a background of mediocrity and badness in different degrees. Winslow Homer's 'Undertow' is a picture in which four figures, thrown together by chance, are made to assume magnificent combinations of line, and to present an heroic sculptural effect which endows them with the quality of the antique. Mr. Homer is essentially a sculptor who expresses himself by the graphic method. His thorough understanding of the human figure and his brilliant draughtsmanship were never better shown than in this powerful group. The absence of tone in the work adds to the frieze-like relief of the chain of bodies. Charles F. Ulrich's 'Washing the Feet at St. Mark's, Venice,' does not show the individuality and strength of the artist's earlier works. It is crudely composed in parts, particularly as to color, and the decorative effect which forms the excuse for the pictorial treatment of such a subject, is missing. Albert P. Ryder's 'Figure Composition' is fine in color and in tone. Child Hassam's street-scenes display truthful rendering of atmospheric conditions and the power of evolving the picturesque out of the uncouth and the commonplace. J. Lindensmith's interior, 'Feeding the Pigeons,' is painted in a careful workmanlike manner, and has good effect of light. Percy Moran's 'Rehearsal of the Ball' is a pretty piece of composition, nicely painted. Thos. W. Dewing's 'Days,' suggested by Emerson's poem, showing a procession of sad-faced women watched by a man as they slowly depart from him, is subtle in sentiment and in the color. It is a noble and thoughtful piece of decorative composition. Other noteworthy figure-subjects are C. Y. Turner's 'Sunday Morning,' Frank Fowler's 'Pleasant Thoughts,' Siddons Mowbray's 'Rose Festival,' Louis Moeller's 'Stubborn,' Eastman Johnson's 'Old Whalers of Nantucket' and Alfred Kappes's 'Buckwheat Cakes.'

There are several very good portraits—Mr. Freer's solidly painted three-quarter length of Mrs. Freer, Mary Curtis Richardson's figure of a young girl with daffodils, Wyatt Eaton's portrait of Dr. A. E. M. Purdy, Mr. Weir's full-length of a child in white and Mr. Vinton's portrait of a man. Much excellent work is found in the landscapes; and some of the truest and freshest bits of nature are on canvases of modest dimensions, by young men and women who are just beginning to be known. Mr. Curran and Mrs. Murphy particularly distinguish themselves. Walter L. Palmer's 'January,'—a brilliant snow-scene, strong and pure in color—deserves special attention. Messrs. Tryon, Murphy, Wyant, Smillie, Gifford, Minor, Bolton Jones, Lyell Carr, Hitchcock, Harry Eaton, Brevoort and Ochtman are represented by earnest and vigorous work. Gilbert Gaul's 'With Fate against Them,' showing a desperate defence by Confederate soldiers against Union men, is a spirited and well-sustained composition. The figures are full of action, and the sentiment of the struggle is expressed in every line. De Thulstrup's 'Battle of Kennesaw Mountain' is an attempt to handle American military themes after the manner of Meissonier. The exhibition opened last Monday (April 4) and will close on May 14. On Buyers' Day thirty-five pictures were sold, for \$11,500. Alfred Kappes's 'Buckwheat Cakes' brought \$800, William Morgan's 'Mandolinata' \$800, Bolton Jones's 'Quiet Afternoon' \$450, A. T. Bricher's 'Near Cape Elizabeth' \$800, Hovenden's 'Watched Pot' \$800, Constant Meyer's 'First Communion' \$2,500 and Eastman Johnson's 'Old Nantucket Sailors' \$3,000.

Art Notes.

THE question of opening the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Sunday has been suspended temporarily. The Trustees of the Museum and those of the Museum of Natural History were repre-

sented by a selection from their number at a meeting held to consider the question some weeks ago. Mr. Joseph H. Choate and Mr. Hoe were the only Trustees of the Museum of Art who voted in favor of it. Mr. Choate, Mr. Richard M. Hunt, Prof. Wm. R. Ware of Columbia College, Mr. Hoe and Director di Cesnola are in favor of opening the Museum on Sunday under certain conditions. The principle involved is, that, as the support of both institutions is to a great extent the result of the contributions of Trustees and Life Members, they should be allowed to control its management according to their ideas of right and wrong. If the city decides to support both Museums, the prospect of opening them on Sunday will be brighter. The actual cost of opening both would not exceed \$10,000 per annum.

—The Stewart sale of statuary, bronzes, ceramics, books, etc., closed on March 31, at the American Art Association Galleries. The art-objects of various kinds, exclusive of the large statues, brought \$58,773, and the library \$11,121. The smaller pieces of sculpture, thirty-six in number, brought, with the pedestals, \$6,290. The highest price \$965 was paid for Barbu's 'Fisher Girl.' Of the bronzes, 'Diana and Psyche' brought \$215, 'Mary Stuart and Elizabeth' \$310, and 'Paul and Virginia,' by Carrier, \$400. The large statues were withdrawn from the sale because no purchaser offered the prices fixed. Among these were \$1,500 for the 'Greek Slave,' \$3,500 for 'Eve Tempted,' \$5,000 for 'Paradise Lost,' \$5,000 for 'Zenobia,' and \$4,000 for 'Paul and Virginia.' The sum total of the sale, including the pictures, was \$582,894.

—The Cropsey sale of seventy-six pictures brought \$2,928.50, the highest price (\$470) being paid for 'White Mountain Scenery.' 'The Pioneer's Home' brought \$450, 'Mount Washington' \$265, and 'Stoke Pogis' \$220. The highest price paid for one of Miss Cropsey's pictures was \$19, for a 'Farmyard Scene.'

—The proceeds of the Haseltine sale, March 29, 30 and 31, was \$107,177. Many of the important pictures were not sold, too high a price having been set on them. Brozik's 'Evening Hymn' brought \$3,700, Henner's 'Undine' \$1,100, Constant's 'Morning in the Seraglio' \$2,700, Alfred Stevens's 'At Trouville' \$1,800, Makart's 'Treasures of the Sea' \$3,050, Adolphe Schreyer's 'The Defile,' \$4,450, Van Marcke's 'In the Shade' \$2,100, and Breton's 'Fisherman's Daughter' \$3,500.

—The largest mosaic ever made in America has been turned out by Messrs. Herter, after designs by Francis Lathrop. It is intended for the arch in the great hall of the Equitable Building.

—An exhibition of designs for decorative work, the first of its kind that has been held here, was opened at the rooms of the Art Students' League on Saturday last. Interesting cartoons and paintings by Kenyon Cox, Will H. Low, Rosina Emmet, John La-farge, Francis Lathrop and Elihu Vedder were shown. Though hastily brought together, the collection has attracted much attention and, no doubt, if a proper effort were made, an exhibition of the sort might be made a feature of the art season every winter.

—The Norman W. Dodge prize for women (\$300) will be awarded for the first time at the Academy of Design on the afternoon of the 20th inst. It is to be given for the best picture in the exhibition painted in the United States by a woman. The Hallgarten and Clarke prizes will be voted for at the same time, on the occasion of the regular meeting of exhibitors.

—The Art Amateur for April gives as extra supplement a facsimile of a drawing, apparently of a girl on top of a step-ladder, by Carroll Beckwith. The original, the appearance of which is well imitated, was in charcoal and white chalk on blueish grey paper. The frontispiece is of a Thirteenth Century water-jug in hammered and etched metal, with working drawings of parts. 'Montezuma' chronicles the arrival of Mr. Rockefeller's famous five-inch crystal globe, and gives entertaining notes of the many picture-sales of the past month. The Chase and the Stewart sales are given separate articles.

Personal Belongings of the Great Departed.

[G. A. Sala, in *The Daily Telegraph*, London.]

PRICELESS personal belongings of the great departed are scattered everywhere over the face of the earth, not only in palaces and museums, but in private houses, where they cannot be seen by the public. Garrick's favourite reclining-chair forms part of the ordinary furniture of a theatrical club, in which, after his night's work is done, the actor of to-day takes his ease. Dr. Johnson's chair, whence doubtless he pronounced many of the oracular utterances recorded by the faithful Boswell, is, or was until lately, to be seen at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. Titian's painting-table ornaments the studio of an English artist who formerly wrought in the master's house at Venice, whence he carried off the much-prized

trophy as the spoil of his easel and mahl-stick. The snuff-box, once the property of the extinct Mulberry Club, at Stratford-on-Avon, and made from a portion of the mulberry-tree in the poet's garden, cut down by an unworthy parson who hated players, is carried about and used by the ex-lessee of several provincial theatres. On the other hand, the straight-backed leather-covered seat in which Peter Paul Rubens loved to sit and think out his subjects may be seen by the tourist in one of the galleries of the Antwerp Museum, not far from the composing-rooms of the famous printer Plantin, whose cases, types, galleys, *formes*, and presses remain intact, as they were centuries since. The late John Forster was fortunate enough to obtain Oliver Goldsmith's gold-headed Malacca cane, and very kindly bequeathed that humble treasure to South Kensington, where it may be viewed along with a great deal of the much-corrected 'copy' of Charles Dickens. Messrs. Childs have in their bank parlour the veritable Rules of the Apollo Club, drawn up by rare Ben Jonson, and the actual sign of the Marygold, which Shakspeare may have looked on when a series of posts and chains did duty for Temple Bar. In the Château of Arenaberg, overlooking the Unterzee and the Lake of Constance, a favourite retreat of the Empress Eugénie, and probably well known to M. de Conches, are many relics of the Bonaparte family; and among the little-noted exhibits of the Colinderies was the breakfast service, of English manufacture, used by the 'Corsican Exile' at St. Helena, whose 'relics' have for many years formed a prominent feature of Madame Tussaud's collection. Deeply interesting belongings of the famous dead are continually losing their identity, and being merged in wreckage of oblivion. A few years ago a chemist and druggist, carrying on business in Newportmarket, bought at a second-hand bookstall, for the sum of twopence, the copy of 'Diodorus Siculus' on which Byron founded his 'Sardanapalus,' the margins of the pages covered with copious notes in the handwriting of the noble poet. An exhibition devoted exclusively to such curiosities, at present in the possession of private Englishmen of the judgment and industry of the late Baron Feuillet de Conches, could not fail to be popular, and would, moreover, be of incalculable service in fostering the commendable practice of preserving ancient monuments, and the minor though not less engaging personal relics of the past.

Notes

WALT WHITMAN will read his lecture on the Death of Lincoln and his poem 'O Captain! my Captain!' at the Madison Square Theatre at four o'clock in the afternoon, on Thursday next, April 14—the twenty-second anniversary of the President's assassination. The entertainment will be under the management of Major Pond, and tickets may be obtained either from him, at his office in the Everett House, or from Mr. E. C. Stedman, 66 Broadway and 44 East 26th Street, Mr. J. H. Johnston, Lotus Club, Mr. R. W. Gilder, 33 East 17th Street, or at Brentano's, Union Square. The price of admission is \$1 and of reserved seats \$1.50. Several years have passed since Mr. Whitman read his lecture in this city, and in view of his age and failing strength, it is improbable that New Yorkers will have many opportunities of hearing him read it here again. While literary England is taking up subscriptions for the benefit of the old poet, it is becoming that literary America should contribute to his support in so fitting and graceful a manner as the purchase of tickets for this exceedingly interesting entertainment. There certainly should be no unoccupied seats in the Madison Square Theatre on Thursday afternoon of next week. On the evening of the following day, it is probable that Mr. Whitman will give a private reception in a hotel parlor in this city.

—The first two parts of the monumental work on the War, compiled from *The Century* series of War papers, and edited by C. C. Buel and R. U. Johnson, will probably appear next month. There will be about thirty-two parts in all, and the book will be published by The Century Co., by subscription.

—'Ole Virginia' is the title of a volume of stories by Thomas Nelson Page, which Charles Scribner's Sons will publish next month. Messrs. Scribner have also in press Mr. Stevens's account of his tour around the world on a bicycle. Its two volumes, each covering half a world, will not be published simultaneously.

—Such has been the success of Prof. F. W. Kelsey's 'Cæsar's Gallic War,' recently noticed in these columns, that the publisher, John Allyn, of Boston, proposes a series of classical books, edited on the same plan by the same author.

—The Life of Pope Leo XIII., which Chas. L. Webster & Co. have in press, will be published in June. It will be illustrated with engravings and colored lithographs. The frontispiece is a steel-plate portrait of the Pope, engraved from a photograph given by His Holiness to Mr. Webster for the purpose.

—Mrs. Beecher and her son-in-law are writing a biography of the late Henry Ward Beecher, which Chas. L. Webster & Co. will publish. All the material Mr. Beecher had prepared for his Autobiography will be used by them, and there is a good deal of it.

—Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have entrusted to the American Publishing Co., of Hartford, the handling of their new edition of the Life of Beecher by Dr. Lyman Abbott and the Rev. S. B. Halliday. This edition is 'brought down to date,' so as to include the record of Mr. Beecher's death.

—New editions of Mr. Beecher's 'Norwood' and 'Yale Lectures on Preaching,' and of the 'Life Thoughts' and 'Comforting Thoughts' compiled from his writings by Edna Dean Proctor and Irene H. Ovington respectively, are announced by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, who promise also a volume of the great preacher's 'War Speeches in England and America (1863).'

—The Amherst Alumni Association has taken steps to endow a professorship in that College in honor of Henry Ward Beecher, who was graduated in the class of '34. The sum necessary for the purpose is \$60,000. Over \$20,000 has already been practically assured.

—*Wide Awake* will print next month a full-length portrait of Mrs. Carlyle and the pet dog, Nero, that figures in the Carlyle correspondence. The photograph comes from Mrs. Alexander Carlyle.

—Gen. Logan's 'The Volunteer Soldier of America,' will be published early in June by R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago. It is dedicated 'To the immortal host of Citizen-Soldiers and Sailors who, from Lexington to Appomattox, have won the liberty of the Republic, maintained its honor and preserved its integrity.'

—Boston's new Public Library building is to be erected by McKim, Mead & White, of this city. For ten years the Trustees have been soliciting and paying for designs for the new building proposed for Art Square, but none have been considered good enough. They now virtually give the commission to the New York firm of architects, leaving to them the production of proper designs during 1887 and 1888.

—Mrs. Poultney Bigelow ('Daniel Buxton') will contribute a short story to *Lippincott's* for May, entitled 'The Madisons' Butler.' The complete novel in this number will be 'The Deserter,' by Capt. Charles King, author of 'The Colonel's Daughter,' 'Marion's Faith,' and other tales of army life.

—'The Russian Novelists,' translated from the French of E. M. de Vogüé by a Boston lady, is in preparation by D. Lothrop Co.

—Lake Forest University, whose financial resources have been largely increased of late, is taking a new departure, and purposes gradually to extend its facilities and become to Chicago what Harvard is to Boston and Columbia to New York. This summer it will hold local examinations for admission in the principal Western cities, making its papers as difficult as those of Yale and other Eastern colleges. In this way it is proposed to enlarge its membership roll without in any way lowering its standard of scholarship.

—Within a few days Scribner & Welford will publish a work on 'Anne Gilchrist: Her Life and Writings,' edited by her son, Mr. Herbert H. Gilchrist, and prefaced by a Notice by Mr. W. M. Rossetti. The work ought to prove of more than ordinary interest, as besides Mrs. Gilchrist's own correspondence it will contain many letters from Carlyle and his wife, from the Rossetti family, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Walt Whitman and others, nearly all of which have never yet been published. 'The Conversations of Mr. and Mrs. Gilchrist with Carlyle' says *The Athenæum*, 'are said to be a feature in the work, which contains several portraits and other illustrations.' Our readers will recall an interesting sketch of Mrs. Gilchrist's life, by Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, which appeared in a recent number of *THE CRITIC*.

—*The Pall Mall Gazette* reprints the following parody as applicable to the present discussion between authors and publishers. The lines are addressed, no doubt, by the Society of Authors to a literary débutante:

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
I'm going to publish, sir,' she said.
Perhaps you've a fortune, my pretty maid?
My verse is my fortune, sir,' she said.
Then you'd better not try it, my pretty maid;
There's an item for 'printing,' and, when it is paid,
There's 'Commission on sales,' oh innocent maid!
In your rural retreat have you heard of THE TRADE?
Oh, where are you going to, my pretty maid?

—A. C. P. writes from Chatham, N. Y.:—'I must thank you for the word I find to-night, in your notice of Mrs. Potter's "My Re-

citations," about "the unpoetic lines," "A Woman's Question," attributed by the compiler to Mrs. Browning. Some years ago I found the lines in "Harper's Cyclopædia of Poetry," edited by the late Epes Sargent, by whom they were credited to Mrs. Browning. All my intuitions revolted against such an assertion. Though I knew her work to be most unequal, I was sure she could never have written such a poem. I was often minded to ask the publishers to correct the error, but the crowding occupations of a busy life caused the intention to fail. The poem was written by Mrs. Mary Torrans Lathrop ('Lena'), a well-known temperance lecturer. We understand that the mistake will be corrected in the second edition of 'My Recitations.'

—Readers of *The Pall Mall Gazette* have been voting for the best 'diploma work' of each of the twelve authors who occupied the first twelve places in the English Academy previously voted for. The result is as follows:—W. E. Gladstone, 'Homer and the Homeric Age'; Lord Tennyson, 'In Memoriam'; Matthew Arnold, 'Literature and Dogma'; Prof. Huxley, 'Lay Sermons'; Herbert Spencer, 'First Principles'; John Ruskin, 'Modern Painters'; J. A. Froude, 'History of England'; Robert Browning, 'The Ring and the Book'; John Morley, 'Voltaire'; Prof. Tyndall, 'Heat as a Mode of Motion'; E. A. Freeman, 'History of the Norman Conquest'; A. C. Swinburne, 'Atalanta in Calydon.' Two of the voters drew up lists which came within one of tallying with that chosen by the total vote. One of them was Miss Violet Hunt.

—Thomas Preston, F.R.H.S., has prepared an account, from authentic sources, of the festivities on the occasion of 'The Jubilee of George the Third,' Oct. 25, 1809. A limited edition, for subscribers only, will be published soon by Whittaker & Co., London, who also announce an authorized English edition of Dr. Koch's work relating to Prince Alexander's reign in Bulgaria, recently published at Darmstadt, and containing authentic details of the circumstances attending his deposition, and his own explanation of his much criticised telegram to the Czar.

—The last of Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani's interesting lectures on old Rome was given in the Madison Square Theatre last Tuesday afternoon. The series was well attended, and attracted deserved attention not only to Prof. Lanciani's important discoveries in the Eternal City during the past seventeen years, but to the valuable work in Greece and Asia Minor carried on by the American Institute of Archaeology, under whose auspices the lecturer visited this city.

—Estes and Lauriat announce 'Miss Parloa's Kitchen Companion'; 'Latin Hymns,' translated by John Lord Hayes; a Sterling Edition of George Eliot's Works, fully illustrated, to be published in twelve volumes, at the rate of one a month; a third (revised) edition of Coues's 'Key to North American Birds,' and a Sportsman's Edition of the same; a reprint of Starr King's 'The White Hills'; 'The Early Tudors,' by Justin McCarthy, in the Epochs of History Series; and 'Social Customs,' a 'complete manual of American etiquette,' by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's daughter, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall.

—At the sale of Baron Seillière's books, by Messrs. Sotheby, at the beginning of March, Part I. of 'Don Quixote,' the first edition published at Madrid, brought 113l.; 'Diogenes, Bruti, Yppocratis,' 1487, beautifully bound, from Grolier's collection, 198l. (Quaritch); 'Graduale et Sacramentarium,' written upon 246 leaves of vellum, richly illuminated, 910l. (Ellis); La Fontaine, 'Fables Choiesies,' 4 vols. folio, a presentation copy from Marie Antoinette, 40l. (Robson); 'Le Rommant de la Rose,' 1480, one of the earliest, if not the first edition, 72l. (Quaritch); 'Missale Festivitates Sanctorum,' a MS. on vellum (in 4to) of the Fourteenth Century, 215l. (Quaritch); 'Officium Beate Marie Virginis,' a MS. upon 238 leaves, by a Spanish scribe, and illustrated with thirteen superb miniature paintings, 350l. (Ellis); (Quaritch); 'Tirant lo Blanch,' the first edition of this celebrated romance, Valencia, 1490, 605l. (Quaritch); Amerigo Vespucci, 'Paesi Novamente Retrovati et Novo Mondo,' 1507, 255l. (Quaritch). The total sum realized by the five days' sale was 14,944l. 3s. 6d. *The Publishers' Circular* hears that large numbers of the books were found after the sale to have had missing leaves supplied in fac-simile. This, of course, means the return of a good many. In this connection see Mr. Lang's remarks on 'faking' in last week's CRITIC, p. 162.

—Miss Catherine Wolfe, the philanthropic millionaire who died in this city on the 4th inst., will be remembered by our readers, if in no other way, for her munificence in sending an exploring expedition to Babylonia in 1884, under the direction of Dr. Wm. Hayes Ward. Her collection of works of art is one of the finest in the country.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1248.—Can you tell me where I can find the full story of Francesca da Rimini? Is the short reference that Dante gives in the 'Inferno' to seeing Francesca and Paolo all that he has on the subject? I imagined that the story was embodied in a poem, but have not been able to discover it. If you can tell me where I can find it, either in poetry or prose, I shall be much obliged.

APOLLO, ARMSTRONG CO.

W. J. G.

[In Boccaccio's 'Il Comento di Dante,' the story of Francesca and her lover is told with considerable detail. Leigh Hunt's translation of that account may be found in the Notes to Longfellow's version of the 'Inferno,' Canto V.]

No. 1249.—What is the name of 'the only English literary journal which makes it a rule that all reviews shall be signed'?

BROOKLYN.

W. B. I.

[The Academy, London.]

No. 1250.—When did anonymous authorship first become general? Did not the example of 'Junius' augment the folly of writing under a nom de plume?

CHICAGO, ILL.

L. J.

ANSWERS.

No. 922.—I. The curse of Ernulphus, Bishop of Rochester, will be found in one of the early chapters of Sterne's 'Tristram Shandy.'

MACEDON, N. Y.

M. A. F. H.

No. 1190.—The title of the parody was 'Milkanwatha,' not 'Milgenwatha'?

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

W. J. R.

No. 1190.—I find the following in Halkett and Laing: 'The Song of Floggawaya,' London, 1856, by W. Nanson Lettsom [a parody on 'Hiawatha']

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

W. C.

No. 1247.—Lorenzo Stecchetti, of Bologna, is a very popular young poet of the Italian romantic school. He has published two or three small volumes of verses. Will R. K. inform me whether the song he has so charmingly translated—or, indeed, any of his songs—has been set to music?

NEW YORK.

E. L. B.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Auringer, O. C. Scythe and Sword. 75c. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Black, Wm. Sabina Zembra. 20c. Harper & Bros.
Brown, G. W. Baltimore and the 10th of April, 1861. Johns Hopkins University.
Cameron, Mrs. H. L. Worth Winning. 50c. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Carey, R. N. Wee Wife. 50c. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Driver, Rev. S. R. Critical Notes on the International Sunday-School Lesson from the Pentateuch. 75c. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Dusterdieck, F. Critical and Exegetical Handbook to the Revelation of John. Translated by Henry E. Jacobs. Funk & Wagnalls.
Ebers, Georg. The Bride of the Nile. 25c. Harper & Bros.
Ebers, G. The Bride of The Nile. Tr. by Clara Bell. 2 vols. W. S. Gottsberger.
Elliott, S. B. A Simple Heart. 30c. John Ireland.
Gilchrist, A. S. Harcourt; or, A Soul Illumined. \$1.25. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Hawes, Rev. H. R. The Picture of Paul the Disciple. G. V. Crowell & Co.
Heron-Allen, E. Practical Cheiroscopy. \$1.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Harrison, Hall. Life of the Rev. John Barrett Kerfoot. 2 vols. James Pott & Co.
Harrison, J. B. Latest Studies on Indian Reservations. Philadelphia: Indian Rights Association.
Ladd, G. T. Elements of Physiological Psychology. \$4.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Lodge, T. Rosalind. 20c. Cassell & Co.
Moody, M. L. The Tragedy of Brinkwater. \$1.00. Cassell & Co.
Ogil, C. P. Grimm's Märchen. \$1.25. Henry Holt & Co.
Porter, Rev. E. G. Rambles in Old Boston. \$6.00. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Roberts, C. G. D. In Divers Tones. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Roth, Edward. The Gray Tigers of Smithville. 25c. 1135 Pine Street, Philadelphia.
Royce, J. The Feud of Oakfield Creek. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Sanders, L. C. Celebrities of the Century. \$5.00. Cassell & Co.
Seranus. Crowded Out, and Other Sketches. Ottawa: Evening Journal Office.
Shumway, E. S. A Day in Ancient Rome. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Taylor, B. The Story of Kennett. 50c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Taylor, Rev. E. G. Hannah Thurston. 50c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Whitney, A. D. T. Daffodils. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Wingfield, Hon. L. The Lovely Wang. \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co.

The Critic

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ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1881.

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Bishop Potter.

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Mr. Curtis.

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I have been a reader of THE CRITIC for a long time past, and I like its catholicity, its enterprise, and its readiness to encourage, by judicious criticism and suggestion, good work in literature and science, as well as in the fine arts.—*President D. C. Gilman, Johns Hopkins University*.

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